

You Can't Spell Amazing Without the 'A' in Art

by VanityPimples

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****You Can't Spell Amazing Without the 'A' in Art!****

****Fandom:**** Hamatora

****Summary:**** Art realizes that he's amazing. (Set right after ep.3)

****Pairing:**** NiceArt (at the end)

****Rating:**** T

****Warnings:**** Fire.

****Disclaimer:**** Don't own.

****Wordcount:**** 1,108

* * *

><p>When Art gets back to his apartment, he doesn't turn on the lights. He locks the door with a soft click, toes off his shoes and staggers forward to plop onto the couch. His body sags into the cushions even as his blooming bruises protest. Art's eyelids flutter closed, his breathing slows -<p>

Looks like he's having fun.

Art scowls. Pushing himself up â€" his arms screech in protest â€", Art clenches his hands together and presses his face into his white knuckles. There was no way Nice and Moral were meeting. No way

â€"

That he was jealous of Nice.

Art grinds his teeth into his bottom lip, locking in a scream as if it were the criminals he caught. Back at Facultas, Art had gotten callouses on his knees from falling day after day after day. He had walked with a near-permanent limp until he had gotten so used to his aching muscles they became irrelevant. While the rest of the student body was asleep, ensconced in warm cushions and the security of their actualized powers, Art had strained his eyes with a small flashlight studying until his brother stole the flashlight and Art took his books to an abandoned classroom with a pathetic, flickering light. Yet, hadn't Art succeeded? Hadn't he _graduated_? The first and only student to graduate Facultas without a Minimum.

_But, the ones who didn't even graduate â€" Nice, Birthday, Ratio â€" they're __**still**__ stronger than you. Can do your job better than you. (__**Why are you even necessary? Significant?**__)_

The couch legs _scritch_ as they scraped against the polished floor in Art's haste to stand. He glanced outside â€" a hazy evening fog had settled and streetlamps were flashing like specters in the dark. "I'm going to take a walk." Art said. His empty room did not reply.

His ringing phone, however, did: _Yokohama Police Dept. _

Art breathed out slowly and picked it up.

"Boss! There's trouble!"

Art closed his eyes. _There goes my walk_.

"Tell me the coordinates."

* * *

><p>It was a fire.<p>

There were repairs happening on the roads to the site of the fire and both the paramedics and firefighters were delayed. Art had scanned the scene and then, took off into the apartment building billowing in flames.

Luckily, no one had died.

"It was no problem, sir, m'am." Art assured another set of parents. "It's my job. I'm just glad everyone is alright."

One of the tenants laughed â€" a sound that, despite its cracked and weary character, was genuinely relieved â€" "Our very own hero of Yokohama!" He said.

Art smiled - even as something sick and dark roiled in his stomach and spread cold and terrible and diseased into his veins. In his peripheral, another person was wheeled into the recently arrived ambulance.

_(He could have been quicker. __**Should**__ have been quicker. If

only he had â€")_

Art smiled and smiled and smiled. "It's no problem." Art said.

* * *

><p>The days blurred together â€"<p>

("You look dead."

"_Ah, thank you, Honey."_

"_That wasn't a compliment.") _

like one drawn-out â€"

("This cannot, in any way, shape or form, be good for you. You should eat something other than energy drinks and... KalorieMates? Do these even taste good?"

"_I add sugar." _

"_..."_

endless â€"

("Rest is important to maintain good health. Take the rest of the day off.

"_Sensei â€" I â€" Alright. Thank you for sparring with me today."_

"_It is a pleasure. Just relax.")_

day

("Artâ€| are you alright?"

"_I'm fine, Nice.") _

and Art was so, so, very tired.

("You are forbidden from working anymore!"

"_What â€""_

"_It's for your best interest."_

"_I â€""_

"_At least for today.")_

Defeated, Art gathers the energy to push past his pulsing headache to drag his feet to his car when the shrill sound of a child's cry garners his attention. Adrenaline coursing, Art runs. His hand twitches as he gets closer to the sound and â€"

...it's a kid stuck in a tree.

Art lets himself relax. "Hello," he says, "my name is Art. I'm a

policeman. What's wrong?"

"I can't get down!" The child wails.

"It's alright"

"No, it's not!"

"- All you have to do is jump and I'll catch you."

The child peers at him, tears momentarily stopping. "Promise?"

"I promise, mister?"

A giggle, "Terry."

"Well, I promise, Terry."

"Okay." Terry jumps and squeals in cheer when Art, as promised, catches him. A woman runs up to them just as Art settles Terry onto the ground. Hugging the woman, Terry chatters on saying, "Mom! Mom! Policeman Art saved me from a tree!"

"Saved from a tree?" Terry's mother mouths, brows furrowed. "What were you up to? Nevermind. Did you thank Mr. Art?" The child whirls to face the superintendent, bright as the first speck of sky after a storm.

"Thank you!"

And, suddenly, the world shifts sideways. For the first time in days, Art smiles, genuinely, deeply. He even laughs. He doesn't need a Minimum. He could hit himself with his stupidity.

The mother and child wave Art goodbye and everything is suddenly sharper. He's still tired, but it's no longer bone-deep, soul-etched. These were the people he wanted to protect. The smiles he wanted to keep happy. He didn't have to be anyone else to protect them. After all, hadn't Art earned his title as superintendent (_protectorate_)? How many criminals had he put in jail? How many innocents had he saved? How many cases had he solved? And all without a Minimum!

Art would have danced if all the built-up stress hadn't just pressed themselves to the forefront of Art's mind. _I could sleep a week. On the bed, though. Not the couch. _Art thinks, blearily content

Reaching into his pocket, Art calls Gasquet. "Hello? Would it be alright if you drove me home? I think I'm too impaired to drive right." Art laughs weakly.

Cussing sounds from the other end, "Stay where you are!" Another cuss. "You didn't get into a car accident right? Argh! I should have thought of that!"

Throughout the drive back home, Art smiles. It's happy.

* * *

><p>"Art looks good Ow! I'm not trying to steal your

boyfriend!"

Nice glares at Murasaki. "Watch where you're looking â€"

"Funny. Coming from you."

"And he's not my boyfriend."

"Mhm."

Nice huffed. Art did look good, though. Surrounded by fellow officers, he seemed better than he had in days. Art's posture was strong, movements fluid, eyes alive in a way they hadn't been recently. Nice grinned.

Art turned and, upon catching Nice's eye, grinned as well. Art looked_ ****very **__good._**

"Not boyfriends." Murasaki coughed, smile twitching onto his face.

Nice's ears went hot, but before he could retort, Art said, "Hey, Nice? Want to go out?"

* * *

><p>AN:<p>

(Ahâ€| was that clichÃ©? Arjahdkfh.)

(Okay, maybe that ending is a little out there, but. But! I reaaaaaally just wanted Art to ask Nice out_. And, hey, what better time to do it than when your self-confidence has just gone back up and you're on that high?)

(Note: â€|I wasn't aware until just now that it actually is possible to get frustrated at the actions of the characters you're writing. Like, Art, please. Stop beating yourself up. Only a couple paragraphs in and I was ready to just write, "â€|and Art realized that he was super-duper amazings and seriouslys strong." No really. Flipping someone Three's size â€" even if he isn't fighting back during the flip â€" looks freakin' back breaking. Permanently breaking.)

(Also: Nighttime walks are not safe. Please don't do them.)

End
file.